

The Historie of

*Hot.* That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*Lady.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith I le know your busines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you

*Hot.* So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue.

*La.* Com, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifier, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world

To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips,

We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.

What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?

Wel, doe not then? for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinidly. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me?

Whither I go: nor reason were about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then *Harry Percys* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecie,

No Lady closer, for I will beleue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou doest not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

Henry the

*Hot.* Not an inch further: Whither I go, thither shall you To day will I set forward, to Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* it must of force.

Enter Prince

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poynes.* Where hast beene

*Prim.* With three or foure

foure-score Hogs-heads. I ha

of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworn

and can call them all by their

and *Francis*: they take it alre

though I be Prince of Wales,

tell me flatly, I am not proud

thian, a lad of mettall, a good B

and when I am king of Englan

lads in *Eastcheap*. They call d

when you breath in your wa

play it off. To conclude, I

quarter of an houre, that I ca

owne language during my life

lost much honor, that thou v

but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten whi

penniworth of Sugar, clapt

vnder skinker, one that neue

then 8. shillings & 6. pence, &

addition, *Anon*, anon sir, skere

or so. But *Ned*, to driue awa

thee doe thou stand in some

puny Drawer, to what end he

leaue calling *Francis*, that his

*Anon*: step aside, and Ile she

*Poynes.* *Francis*.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes.* *Francis*.

*Fran.* *Anon*, anon sir, looke

*Hot.*